

## The Heart of New England.

BY EDWARD C. STEPHENS.

Oh long are years of waiting, when lovers' hearts are bound.  
By words that hold in life and death and last the half year round.  
Long, long for him who wanders far and strives with all his main.  
But crueler yet for her who hides at home and hides her pain.  
And lone are the homes of New England.

'Twas in the mellow summer I heard her sweet reply:  
The barefoot lads and lassies a-berrying went by:  
The loudest dinned amid the trees: the fields were high with grain.  
The white-clothed clouds against the sky like ships were bound:  
And blue are the skies of New England.

Her lips were like the raspberries: her cheek was soft and fair.  
And little breezes stopped to lift the tangle of her hair.  
A light was in her hazel eyes, and she was nothing loth.  
To hear the words her lover spoke, and pledged me there her troth:  
And true is the word of New England.

When September brought the golden rod and the maples burned like fire,  
And blue that in August rose the village smoke and higher,  
And large and red among the stacks the ripened pumpkins lay,  
One hour, in which to say farewell, was left to us alone:  
And sweet are the lanes of New England.

We loved each other truly: hard, hard it was to part.  
But my ring was on her finger, and her hair lay next my heart.  
"Tis but a year, my darling," I said, "in one short year,  
When our Western home is ready I shall seek my Katie here."  
And brave is the hope of New England.

I went to gain a home for her, and in the Golden State  
With head and hand I planned and toiled, and early worked and late:  
But luck was all against me, and sickness on me lay,  
And ere I got my strength again 'twas many a weary day:  
And long are the thoughts of New England.

And many a day, and many a month, and thrice the telling year,  
I bravely strove, and still the goal seemed never yet more near.  
My Katie's letters told me that she kept her promise true,  
But now, from very hopelessness, my own to her were few:  
And stern is the pride of New England.

But still she trusted in me, though sick with hope deferred:  
No more among the village choir her voice was sweetest heard:  
For when the wild nor'easter of the fourth long winter blew,  
So thin, her frame with pining, the cold wind pierced her through:  
And chill are the blasts of New England.

At last my fortunes bettered, on the far Pacific shore,  
And I thought to see old Windham and my patient love once more:  
When a kinsman's letter reached me: "Come at once or come too late."  
Your Katie's strength is failing: if you love her do not wait:  
Come back to the elms of New England.

O, it wrung my heart with sorrow! I left all else behind,  
And straight for dear New England I sped like the wind.  
The day and night were blended till I reached my boyhood's home:  
And the old cliffs seemed to mock me that I had no sooner come:  
And gray are the rocks of New England.

I could not think 'twas Katie who sat before me there,  
Reading her Bible—'twas my gift—and pillowed in her chair.  
A ring, with all my letters, lay on a little stand:  
She could no longer wear it, so frail her poor, white hand:  
But strong is the love of New England.

Her hair had lost its tangle and was parted off her brow:  
She used to be a jocular girl, but seemed an angel now.  
Heaven's darling now, mine no longer: yet in her hazel eyes  
The same dear love-light glinted, as she soothed my bitterest cries:  
And pure is the faith of New England.

A month I watched her dying, pale, pale as any rose:  
That drops its petals one by one and sweetens as it goes.  
My life was darkened when at last her large eyes closed in death.  
And I heard my own name whispered as she drew her parting breath:  
Still, still, was the heart of New England.

It was a woful funeral the coming Sabbath day:  
We bore her to the barren hill on which the graveyard lay.  
And when the narrow grave was filled, and what we might have done was done,  
Of all the stricken group around I was the loneliest one:  
And drear are the hills of New England.

I gazed upon the stunted pines, the bleak November sky,  
And knew that buried dead with her my heart henceforth would lie:  
And waking in the silent night my thoughts still thither go:  
To Katie, lying in her grave beneath the winter snow:  
And cold are the snows of New England.

## TEN IN TEN, ONCE.

That was what Fred and I called the rule we had to use in ciphering out our life sum. It was after we had read Hale's charming story of "Ten Times One are Ten," where good was made to work out and increase and multiply. We had to work backward, at least it seemed so, when others could do so much and we so little.

We got thinking about it, especially when our friends the Royals, who lived near by, took Sarah and Mary Rush into their beautiful house and gave them a home. We had all been so sorry for the two girls! Sarah was an invalid needing care, and Mary an overworked teacher with an insufficient salary. So they were struggling along, orphans, with absolutely no other resources than Mary's ten dollars a week, which barely paid board. We all pitied them, and all said how sorry we were, and that was the end of it; when suddenly Mrs. Royal, being disappointed about the coming of some expected guests, took the two lovely rooms she had prepared for them, made them lovelier yet, and then, driving out with her husband in the car, brought back the two Rush girls and installed them there. They should stay as long as they liked, the Royals said; and indeed, every one felt that it was little likely Sarah ever would go away again till she went to her long last home. I went over to see them, and found Mary weeping for sheer relief and gratitude. I told Mrs. Royal that her house seemed consecrated for what she had done.

When we first heard of it in our own little family, a neighbor telling the news, I looked at Fred and he at me.

"Now why couldn't we have done that?" I exclaimed.

"We couldn't," he said, softly; and then I remembered how small our house was, with its one little room, often wanted by some passing guest, and how we had no servant, and how much of my time and strength it took to look out for our trickeome two-year-old.

"No, we couldn't," I echoed, more softly still. "But, oh, it does seem as if we ought to do something in some way."

We talked it over a good deal after that, Fred and I; and for some time we could think of nothing more than the mission school, and carrying flowers, jelly and little tridles to some people we

knew. You see, our means were so small. Such shining, lovely charities as the Royals' seemed out of our reach. We could not take any poor, pining souls off on a glad journey to mountains or sea-shore; we could not put unexpected purses into poor widows' hands, nor pay for any struggling youth's education; we had not even a carriage to take invalids and neglected people out for lovely little drives. There was Fred hard at work all day in the office, and I at home busy as a bee from morning till night with the housekeeping, sewing and Bertie. But there must be at least one little talent, hid away in our opportunities somewhere, that we could bring out and use in the Master's service.

At last we thought of something. I can remember almost the moment. We had such a good little supper that evening—light biscuit and butter, jelly, hot oysters, and remarkably good tea. Fred was tired and hungry, and enjoyed everything. But when we had done, there still remained a goodly portion of oysters steaming in the dish, and plenty of everything else.

"Pity we hadn't had company to tea," said Fred, reflectively.

"Oh, dear!" said I, if we had invited company, I should have had to bake all day, making cake and cookies and tarts, and all such things. That is why I never have tea parties. I should be all tired out by the time the folks came."

"Just so," replied Fred. "Cake is a folderol, and dyspepsia attends tea parties. But suppose, girlie, I had brought poor Nevins, our overworked clerk, home to supper with me, or suppose old Mrs. Wynn had been here, or one or two tired young teachers or seamstresses had dropped in, don't you think they would have heartily enjoyed just what we have had, and been all the better for it, and for one of our happy evenings in our little parlor?"

"Yes, indeed," I cried, catching his idea in the instant. "Fred, you are a blessed boy. We'll do it."

And this was the origin of our Tuesday and Thursday evenings. There was no hard work or fuss about them at all. We just got up a good, reliable little supper, such as we might have had for ourselves, only a more of it, and then called in whomever Providence threw in our way—sometimes not more than one, sometimes three or four. Fred often brought home poor, careworn Nevins, who starved at a fourth-rate boarding house, and it heartened him up wonderfully. Now and then I had Kitty Lang help me sew on Bertie's dresses, and told her to invite any three of the most tired sewing-girls she knew to come to tea and stay the evening. And wasn't it a pleasure to heap up those pale girls' plates with strengthening oysters and chicken, and see them sip the delicious tea and chocolate! It fairly brought color into their poor faces. And then in the evening we had games, or I played some of my half-forgotten music, or Fred read poetry aloud to us all; and we coaxed some of the girls to read to us too. We found out very quickly that one of the girls had a beautiful, clear, sympathetic voice for reading; and when I told Mrs. Royal about it, she found a delightful old lady who wanted just such a girl to go with her to the sea-shore for the whole summer; to be company for her and read to her. Now wasn't that a pleasant thing to happen to that worn, delicate girl? And didn't one thing grow out of another beautifully? I don't know what should have been done without the Royals. They put a bright finishing touch to so many things!

Sometimes it was a few hard-working teachers we had; and then in the course of the evening Mrs. Royal and Mary Rush were pretty sure to come in upon us, with glowing cheeks and shining eyes, bringing fruit or flowers, or a great dish of ice-cream; and so on, one way or another, our little evenings were a great success. We had teachers pretty often; such young girls, many of them overworked, and working for such small salaries—brain-work, too, the most exhausting of all. Do you know how many such teachers there are? Reckon them up in your own town; look at city statistics. As many times as I have done it, it always takes me by surprise. And then to think what numbers of applicants there are for every vacant situation! So many girls struggling for ways to support themselves! As many fainting by the way, like Sarah and Mary Rush!

Fred, keeping his eyes open, made the acquaintance of young clerks just beginning on meagre salaries, many of them strangers in the place, and with absolutely no society. It did them as much real good as any one, he argued, to get a taste of home pleasures; so I was never surprised, when our evenings came, to see Fred bringing in with him some bashful clerk or pale student. Then I began to want a romance; why couldn't some of our young clerks fall in love with some of our young teachers or seamstresses? But Fred laughed at the idea, begged me not to mix in sentiment with our little schemes of good, and desired to know what sort of figure poor young Stebbins, for instance, would cut, getting married to one of our bright young teachers, on six dollars a week!

One Tuesday, when I had Kitty Lang to sew, she told me she had invited a new friend to come to tea—not a sewing-girl nor a teacher; in fact, a girl with no business whatever.

"But that, we hope, won't last long," she added, between a sigh and a laugh. "Poor Fanny is trying so hard to get employment; but there is not a single vacancy among the school-teachers, and all the stores where girls clerk are full. She doesn't know which way to turn."

On inquiring more, Kitty told me that her new friend, Fanny Gray, was an English girl who came to this country with her parents three years before. They had both died soon after, and left her almost destitute. She succeeded in getting a few music-scholars, but earned barely enough to pay her board; so after a while she went into a sewing-room and worked there a year, till she found her health was absolutely breaking down, and she had spirit enough left to renounce the needle, and declare her faith that there must be other work in the world a girl could do. Then she found her way to Foxborough, to the great straw-works, and found employment there, sewing braid and wiring hats. She had done well there

while the busy season lasted, but now work was slack, and they had dismissed four-fifths of the girls. So she had drifted at last to our little town, with twenty dollars in her purse to keep her till she found something to do.

"And half of this is gone already," said Kitty, "and she has to pay three dollars a week for board. And oh, she is such a nice girl; and I thought maybe you or Mrs. Royal could find something for her."

Alas! not Mrs. Royal, and much less I, could command places for one tithe of the poor girls in our town seeking employment. I had heard of so many cases lately. But Kitty talked on and on, while she stitched at Bertie's blue dress, till by-and-by she had won my whole heart to an interest in her friend. She was so sweet and bright, yet with something sad about her—this was Kitty's description—and she could sing hymns so beautifully, and could do dainty lace-work; and she kept a journal, and she was ready to do anything for a living, if it was to scrub door-steps; only this one thing—a sewing-girl—she could never again become.

"And I don't blame her!" said Kitty, and her words were accompanied by the little hacking cough which was troubling her of late.

I grew very curious to see this Fanny Gray, and when Kitty, looking from the window, exclaimed, "Here she comes!" and the bell rang, and I went to the door, it was with a real flutter of excitement that I welcomed the one who was destined to become my pet *portegee*. She had a brave, bonny face, this fair English girl, with soft, yellow hair, and not the usual blue eyes, but eyes of trusty brown—earnest, a little pathetic, maybe. I brought her in at once, and got her things off, and in five minutes more she was sitting in a little low chair playing with Bertie as if she felt at home. Fred came in directly, bringing Nevins, and I flew to set my table. We had one of the coziest little suppers imaginable, and Fred had gone to the extravagance of bananas, for which I pardoned him when Kitty Lang said she never tasted one before in her life, and how delicious they were!

After tea I opened the piano and played a little, preparatory to asking Fanny Gray to sing—Fred had said so much about her hymns. She made no apology when I entreated her, but said she knew little besides a few ballads and hymns. She had a sweet, powerful voice, with great expression; and Fred nodded his pleasure to me as she sat there playing her simple accompaniments and singing. She gave us some of the anthems from the prayer-book first, and then took up the dear old psalm:

"As pants the hart for cooling streams,  
When heated in the chase,  
So longing my soul for God, O God, my King,  
And thy refreshing grace."

Her voice rose in such pure, thrilling paths, it seemed as if my heart stopped beating. Poor old Nevins bowed his head in his hands and wept. I suppose he knew well enough in his hard, drudging life what it was to feel like the hart panting for cooling streams.

There was a little pause after the psalm; I think we had all tears some where, in our hearts if not in our eyes, and did not want to speak. Fanny Gray waited a moment, and then her voice took up that dear, beautiful hymn:

"Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,  
Come to the sorrowful, here bring your anguish:  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here bring your griefs;  
Earth hath no sorrows that Heaven cannot heal."

When this was done she turned round from the instrument and faced us—the quiet, fair young English girl—once more. We all took her into our hearts from that evening.

But what could we find for her to do? No school wanted a teacher, no family a governess, no store a girl for clerk, no lawyer a copyist, no milliner a work woman; and they had too many hands already, the foremen told me, at the hoop-skirt factory, the book-binders, and the artificial flower establishment. The season was dull, and labor a drug in the market. I puzzled my brain over Fanny Gray's case till Fred, laughing, I would soon become perfect in the law of supply and demand, and the relation of capital to labor, and be able to talk with Ruskin or John Stuart Mill, and all the rest of the political economists. Meanwhile the weeks were slipping by, and with them Fanny's little store of money. At last, in desperation, I told her she could at least save her board-bill by coming to our house to stay till she found some employment, and perhaps she could help me a little about the house, enough to save her from obligation; but I could not offer to pay her any thing, because Fred and I had to practice economy, and did not feel able to hire. Well, the girl actually cried for joy at the offer, and came to us the very next morning; and I must say that during the few weeks she staid with me I enjoyed the very poetry of house-keeping, and had the neatest, dearest ways, and was perfectly splendid in taking care of Bertie. I told Fred that I believed Providence had never meant her to work in a store or factory, but had destined her to be a sunny little wife and housekeeper and mother.

On my first baking-day after she came she made me up the most delicious little cakes and tarts that I ever tasted. I told her jestingly she would be a treasure in a bakery; and, seizing the idea, she went out that afternoon without telling her purpose, and when she came back, said she had found a baker on O—street who would engage her at fair wages if she could bring him some satisfactory specimens of fancy baking. The next day we held a high festival in the kitchen, and though I don't think much of cake generally, that day it presented itself to me as a fine art. If you could have seen the display on my shelves when the battle was won! Queen-cakes, cocoa-drops, cheese cakes (which I had read in English stories, but never tasted), jelly tarts and cream tarts, trifles and macaroons. My little pantry had never dreamed of such dainties. We selected the nicest-looking of each kind, and when I had borrowed two broad, shallow baskets of Mrs. Royal to lay them in, we started forth together to visit the baker. The moment I saw him I took a dislike to him. He did not seem to me like a nice man, and I did not like his manner toward Fanny. But he professed

himself satisfied with the samples, and offered her good wages if she would come into the bakery. She would be expected to board in the family. Fanny looked at me as if seeking my opinion, when he named his terms. I took the responsibility of saying that she would like a few days to think the matter over and consult her friends. He showed a little bad spirit then, and said he supposed she applied for the place because she wanted it.

When we got home I told Fanny she must not go there; and I think she felt relieved at my decision, though she had been so anxious to find employment that the failure of this little plan quite disheartened her.

But she had a bit of good luck that very evening. I had told the Royals about her, and Mr. Royal happening to drop in, I by-and-by got Fanny to sing. He was very much pleased with the quality of her voice, said it was just the thing for a church, and asked her if she had ever sung in a choir.

"I used to do so before we left home," said Fanny softly; and I fancied there were tears ready to start as she thought of her early village home.

"Very well," said Mr. Royal; "there is a little church, a sort of mission chapel, down town, in whose success I am interested. They need a leading soprano, and, as I have rather looked out for their music, I suppose I have as much right as any one to offer you an engagement. The salary is very small, but very little help; and would you accept the position, Miss Gray, for a hundred dollars a year?"

"Indeed I would!" she exclaimed; "and be grateful for the chance. It will be a pleasure to me as well as a great assistance."

So that was settled. I told Fanny she would have enough to clothe herself now; but she did not slacken her search for a steady employment. One day Mrs. Royal came in with a long face, and said she was going to lose her excellent nursery girl, Norah. The girl was to be married in a fortnight. She asked me if I knew any one trustworthy enough for the place.

"I don't consider taking care of children a menial employment," said Mrs. Royal, in her noble way. "If I had not so many duties, I should rejoice to give up my time to them myself. I hate to lose a single one of their sweet smiles and pretty attitudes and baby speeches. And I want to hire some one that looks at them in the same way I do—as priceless little treasures to be trained into good men and women. You know I have fitted up a pretty little sleeping-room opening off the nursery, and to a person who really satisfied me I would give fifteen dollars a month."

Fanny Gray, who had just been getting Bertie to sleep on the sofa, rose at this, and came forward in her calm, modest way, but with a little tremble in her voice, and said:

"Would I do, Mrs. Royal? Would you take me? Mrs. Brown here will tell you how much I love little children."

"You are just the one, my dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Royal, getting up and kissing her. "And I'll confess that when I mentioned it just now I was in hopes you would hear me and take a fancy to the place. Perhaps I am partial to my own babies, but I do think it must be a great deal nicer and better to take care of them than to work all day in a heated factory, or stand from morning till night in a store—or even make cakes in a bakery!" She said this with an arch smile.

"A great deal better," said Fanny, sensibly. "I think it is happier work, and healthier and more inspiring."

"And you will sing them such sweet lullabies at night!" said Mrs. Royal, with motherly pleasure.

It was agreed, then, that Fanny should go to her in two weeks' time, when Norah left; and for those two weeks, of course, she would remain with me. I began to think Bertie and I would not know what to do without her. While Fanny had been with us, behind all her sweet usefulness and modest dignity, which pleased us so, there seemed all ways to lie a background of sadness. I had spoken of it to Fred, and said I was afraid she had some mental trouble.

"Oh no," he answered, cheerily; "it is only her anxiety about the future. As soon as she gets a good place, you will see her as merry as a lark."

The good place was found now, and a great deal of the shadow did certainly pass away. I thought Fred had been quite right when I heard her singing through the house, and telling Bertie the most bewitching, joyous little stories. But at twilight, or when she was singing hymns, or when she had been alone and I came upon her unawares, there was a touch of pathos lurking there still, a hint of tears, a look of patience, that went to my heart. I told Fred it seemed just like the way I felt, before we were married, when he had gone off on that long business voyage and I did not hear from him for months, and I believed Fanny had a lover somewhere.

"Nonsense, dear!" said Fred, kissing me. "You are the most romantic little woman on earth, and think more about love than Fanny does. I'll warrant it!"

The next Thursday we were expecting Kitty Lang to tea, with two homesick girls she had discovered, who had come up from the country to learn the milliner's trade. Fanny and I flew around making preparations; for I meant to have a delicious chicken salad for supper, biscuit and coffee, and some of Fanny's wonderful cakes and tarts. Everything came from the stove a perfect success. Bertie was good as a little cherub, and kept his white frock clean all day. Fanny and I finished everything by three o'clock, and were congratulating ourselves, when suddenly the clouds began to gather, the wind rose to almost a hurricane, and in half an hour the rain was pouring down in torrents.

We said it might be only a shower that would pass off, and so kept hoping till half-past five, when the skies seemed blacker than ever, and it was evidently setting in for a wild, stormy night.

"Do you suppose they will come?" I asked Fanny, thinking to myself how many weary blocks away Kitty Lang's boarding-house was.

Fanny shook her head.

"Kitty hasn't any overshoes, I know," she said, "and her umbrella is broken. I don't believe they will come."

And they did not come. We waited

and waited, till at last I began to think even Fred himself would not get home, he was so late. But at seven I heard him rushing in at the hall door, and his voice telling some one where to set the umbrella.

"Oh, I hope he has brought Nevins!" I exclaimed, running out.

But it was not Nevins, nor any one I knew; only a red-haired, shrewd-looking boy about fourteen years old, who, Fred explained, had just been taken into the office as an errand-boy, with a chance to work his way up. And Fred added, with a smile, that the little fellow meant to be one of the firm yet.

I don't think I ever saw a smarter boy in my life—a perfect specimen of young America—wide awake, keen, not a bit afraid. If he had been six years older, Fred said afterward, he should not have thought of inviting so self-sufficient a young man to our "Thursday evenings." But, as it was, it was the very courage of the boy that won on his sympathy, thinking of all the probable disappointments, temptations and pitfalls that lay before the unconscious little fellow. His name was Roger. I left him in the sitting-room with Fanny, and hurried to boil my coffee, which I made none the less nice because we had only this little waif to share it with us.

And didn't he enjoy his supper! I have known hosts of boys in my day, but none with a better appetite than Roger! He thought the chicken salad "bully," and regarded Fanny's tarts with especial favor. He got acquainted with the utmost rapidity, and was very ready to tell all about himself, about his widowed mother, how they had lived, and about the bit of property that lay in the bank waiting for him to be twenty-one and go into business. He spoke cheerily of his position as errand-boy, saying:

"If I'm going to climb the ladder, I suppose the right place to begin is at the bottom!"

It rained harder than ever after tea; but we adjourned to the parlor, as usual, to entertain ourselves. Roger seemed pleased with everything—played with Bertie, whom he called a "cunning little shaver," looked through the stereoscope, examined the albums, and finally sat down opposite Fanny. He seemed to take the greatest fancy to Fanny from the very first, and his eyes were wandering toward her continually. He found she was from England, and then he plied her with questions about what parts of it she had seen, in what county she had lived, and how long since she had left there. She was more amused at his curiosity than offended, and answered him fully, as one would tell stories of long ago to a child.

Fred sat reading his newspaper, and presently called our attention to a curious account, which he read aloud, of a returned soldier looking in vain for his only sister for years. She had heard he was dead, had married and gone West. The name of her husband he could not learn, nor where she went; and so had searched and inquired throughout the country for three years, without finding any clew, till one day he met her face to face in a little village post-office in some remote part of Michigan.

This led to a conversation on the ways in which friends might be lost to each other, and Roger brightened up. He evidently had a story to tell.

"That is like what has happened to my brother," he said. "May I tell you about it, sir?"

Fred laid down his paper indulgently to listen, I took my knitting, and Fanny, saddened maybe by the talk about her English home, sat with dreamy, sorrowful eyes, looking off into vacancy.

So Roger began: "You ought to see my brother Phil; he's a splendid fellow. He's only my half brother, but I love him just as well. He doesn't look like me; he has black, curly hair, and is real handsome. He's a smart business fellow, too, and he's twenty-nine years old; but he don't get married, because he can't find the girl he's in love with, though he has hunted high and low. You see, the firm he worked for sent him to England three or four years ago to see to some agency, and there, in some little village, he fell in love on a Sunday with a girl that sung in the choir. You ought to hear him tell about her voice, and how pretty she was. He got acquainted, and—aw her all he could, and found she was just as nice as he thought for, and he thinks she was beginning to like him a little; any way, he made up his mind to propose to her the very next day, when a telegram came and took him off as quick as a wink to Liverpool; and from there he had to go to Edinburgh; and wait a good while about something; and then he was sent to Paris; and one way and another, it was two months before he could get back to the village where the girl lived. And then he found that the old folks had taken a sudden notion, and sold out and gone to America, taking his 'little English daisy,' as he called her, without leaving any word or clew by which he could find them. He came back to New York as quick as ever he could, and made all sorts of inquiries, and advertised, but it wasn't any use. And he'd be just about heart-broken if he didn't keep hoping to find her some day. Every time he hears of such a family he hunts them up. He's away off in San Francisco now on business, and I expect he'll search California through before he leaves, thinking she may possibly be there. Isn't too bad, Mr. Brown? I feel so sorry for him—he was such a nice, pretty girl. I should know her in a minute if I saw her; I am sure I should, for he has told me just how she looks, with smooth, golden hair, you know, and shining, dark brown eyes. I believe I've found her for him now!" he added, excitedly. For the last five minutes his eyes had been eagerly fixed on Fanny, and hers as eagerly on him, and now she turned away and burst into tears.

He sprang toward her. "Say!" he exclaimed. "Fanny Gray, aren't you my brother Phil's Fanny Gray?"

Of course she was! And wasn't it splendid! And didn't I have the romance I wanted to perfection? She, poor child, had thought, perhaps, after all, he did not care for her, because he had gone without speaking; and so she left no message, never dreaming but what he could find them easily enough in America if he wanted to. But she loved him with her whole heart; and that

was why, when she realized how hopelessly they were lost to each other, the brooding, wistful, sad, Evangelical look came into her eyes and dwelt there.

A telegram sped to San Francisco the next day, and just as quick as the noble through train on the Pacific railroad could bring him, Philip Belmont came. I liked him the moment I saw him; and oh! how proud and glad he looked when he had his "little English daisy" in his arms!

Well, of course he wanted to be married right away, and that broke up all the fine plan of Fanny's going to take care of the little Royal children. They had a quiet morning wedding in our parlor, with no guests but the Royals, and Mary Rush and Kitty Lang, and poor old Nevins. Phil's home was in another town, and there he took our Fanny; but I hear from them often, and they are always doing well and always happy. Said I not that Providence had meant Fanny to be a sunny little wife and housekeeper and mother!

"And now whom shall I get to take care of my little children?" wondered Mrs. Royal.

"I will!" said Kitty Lang, a flush of resolution coming into her pale face. "I used to think I couldn't do anything but sew; but I am more sensible now, and know better; and if you will let me come, I will be glad and thankful!"

So poor Kitty found safe harbor at last, for they will never let her leave them. She never had so comfortable a room in her life before, she says, and she really feels that she is improving every day in mind and heart among those dear children.

Fred and I still keep up our Tuesday and Thursday evenings, and I hope a great many more good results will spring from them. After wishing in vain that we could do the great things that we can't it is really an exquisite happiness to grow content, and begin to do all the little things that we can. Ones are as necessary as tens, and

"All service ranks the same with God!"

## Telegraphic Ticks—An Amusing Episode.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

Two young men, telegraph operators, board at one of our leading third-class hotels, and being of a somewhat hilarious disposition, find great amusement in carrying on conversation with each other at the table by ticking on their plates with knife, fork, or spoon. For the information of those not acquainted with telegraphy, it may be well to state that a combination of sounds or ticks constitute the telegraphic alphabet, and persons familiar with these sounds can converse thereby as intelligently as with spoken words. The young lightning-strikers, as already stated, were in the habit of indulging in table-talk by this means whenever they desired to say anything private to each other. For instance, No. 1 would pick up his knife and tick off some such remark as this to No. 2: "Why is this butter like the offense of Hamlet's uncle?" No. 2: "I give it up." No. 1: "Because it's rank and smells to Heaven." Of course the joke is not appreciated by the landlord, who sits close by, because he doesn't understand telegraphic ticks, and probably he wouldn't appreciate it much if he did; but the jokers enjoy it immensely and laugh immoderately, while the other guests wonder what can be the occasion for this merriment, and naturally conclude the operators must be idiots.

A few days ago, while these fun-loving youths were seated at breakfast, a stout-built young man entered the dining-room with a handsome girl on his arm, whose blushing countenance showed her to be a bride. The couple had, in fact, been married but a day or two previous and had come to San Francisco from their home in Oakland or Mud Springs, or some other rural village, for the purpose of spending the honeymoon. The telegraphic tickers commenced as soon as the husband and wife had seated themselves.

No. 1 opened the discourse as follows: "What a lovely little pigeon this is alongside of me—ain't she?"

No. 2: "Perfectly charming—looks as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. Just married, I guess; don't you think so?"

No. 1: "Yes, I should judge she was. What luscious lips she's got! If that country bumpkin beside her was out of the road, I'd give her a hug and a kiss just for luck."

No. 2: "Suppose you try it, anyhow. Give her a little nudge under the table with your knee."

There is no telling to what extent the impudent rascals might have gone but for an amazing and entirely unforeseen event. The bridegroom's face had flushed and a dark scowl was on his brow during the progress of the ticking conversation; but the operators were too much occupied with each other to pay any attention to him. The reader may form some idea of the young men's consternation when the partner of the lady picked up his knife and ticked off the following terse but vigorous message:

"This lady is my wife, and as soon as she gets through with her breakfast I propose to wring both your necks—you insolent whelps!"

The countenances of the operators fell very suddenly when this message commenced. By the time it ended they had lost all appetite and appreciation of jokes, and slipped out of the dining-room in a very rapid and unceremonious manner. It seems the bridegroom was a telegraph operator, and "knew how it was himself."

## Railways in Illinois.

In the report of the Railroad Commissioners of Illinois we find that the length of railroad lines in operation in the State is: Single main track, 3,730 miles; double track, 79 miles; branches, 739 miles; siding and other tracks, 517 miles. Total, 5,499 miles. The length of line in operation July 1, 1871, was 4,549 miles, and between that date and Dec. 1, 1871, there had been in course of construction and completed 941 miles additional. There was, on Dec. 1, 1871, in course of construction, but not completed, nineteen new lines, with a length of 1,298 miles, which, when completed, will make a grand total of 6,698 miles.

Through tickets for trips around the world are now sold for \$1,143, gold.